

# Overnight Shift

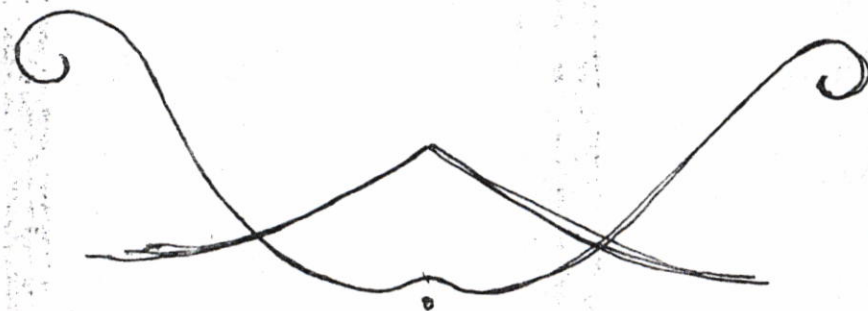
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tell me what you  
think!  
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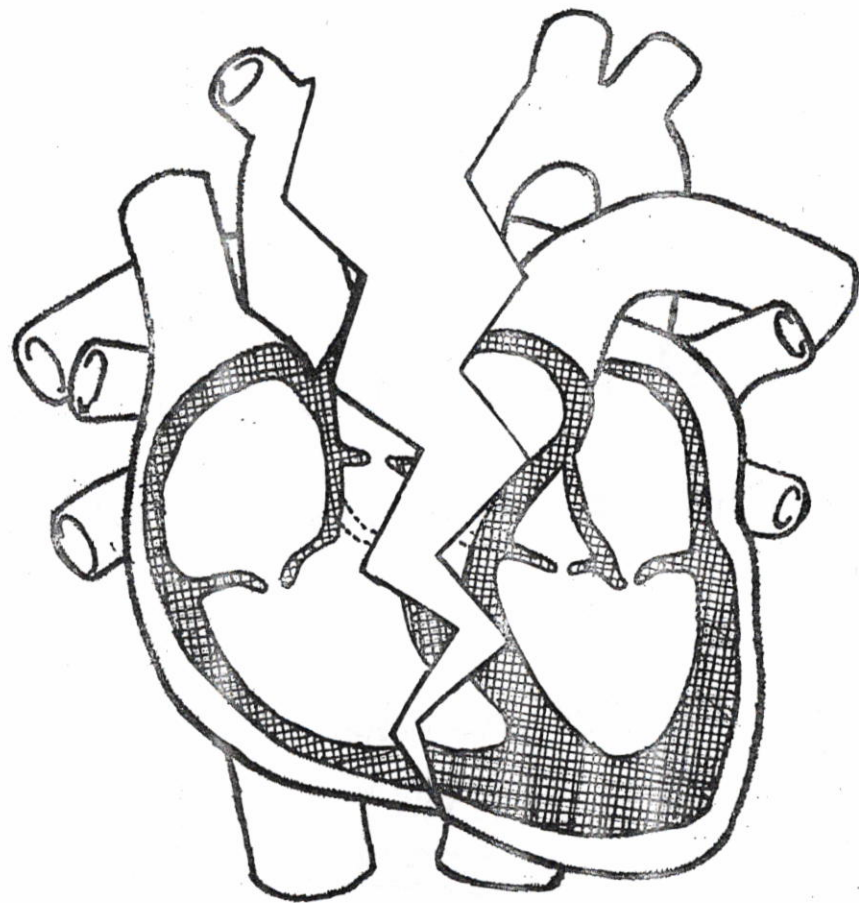


Belinda, me... (queer as fuck dance party photo booth.) + Aryenish.

6pm July 30<sup>th</sup> → 1pm July 31<sup>st</sup>  
— 2005 —



work at a domestic violence shelter.  
In case it didn't occur to you, this  
fact is freaking awesome. The only  
happy part is that every other week-  
end I work a 19 hour overnight  
shift. This leaves me with a lot of  
time on my hands, assuming that  
everything's quiet on the crisis line  
and in the house. If I was still  
in school, I would do my homework  
as it stands, I've graduated and have  
already read for 5 hours tonight. I'm  
going to compile some random thoughts  
and images into a small zine in the  
course of the evening and give it  
away in the morning. Maybe I'll do  
this on every shift.



this is the design for the tattoo I'm getting  
on my chest for my birthday. If my heart  
ever stops being broken, I'll get some fat  
black stitches across the opening. I'm getting  
it done by a dyke at Black + Blue Tattoo in  
San Francisco. It will be the best birthday ever.

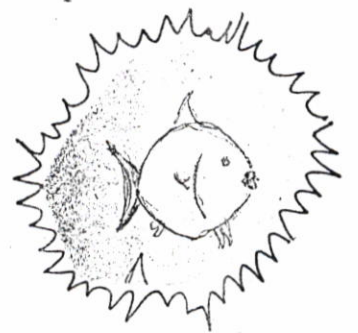


Summer: "A summer to remember, a boy to forget." It's cute. However, all of these things have conspired to make me feel totally like losing my mind. I have some old issues that I've never really dealt with and some new issues that I don't know where to start on. I never thought of myself as particularly fucked up - I thought I was basically normal and healthy - but no. Now, on top of body issues and fear of abandonment, I've got a new fear of intimacy. It's really crappy! So, basically, I'm totally sad all the time. I'm healing from specific situations and circumstances, but I'm still trying to take in the entire breathtaking landscape of fucked up emotional problems and personal issues. It's leaving me feeling pretty inept.

HEARTED.

Things I've done in the last week:

- written 2 embarrassingly heartfelt loveish letters to two different people.
- started my period.
- decided to stay single til next spring but still tried to get some play.
- laughed till I cried more than once.
- cried myself to sleep more than once.
- realized that some things only belong in my private journal.
- asked strangers if I was an ass hole.
- made a zine!





IF I ASK BEFORE I HIT YOU, IS IT STILL  
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE?

... a short essay on kink ...

As I mentioned, I work in a domestic violence shelter. This has caused me to be in contact with some rather uncomfortable and unsettling facts of current civilization; namely, that lots of people do horrible things to one another. I've struggled off and on with being a kinky person, which has included feeling some major shame, guilt, and remorse for doing terrible things that people ask me to do or for asking others to do terrible things to me. I thought that maybe I had dealt with a lot of this stuff, but then came the woman with a newborn baby whose batterer had held a knife to her throat for an hour while her 5-year-old son begged for her life. Only hours before she came into my life, I had held a knife to the throat of a boy whom I thought was pretty sexy and threatened to do awful things to his soft places if he didn't do what I told him to. We hadn't expressly negotiated this

I'm not really sure when I got so sad. My partner of 3 years broke up with me to pursue Christianity in February, I fell in love with one of my closest friends who insists on not being in love with me, my best friend forever/wifey is just as broken as I am which prevents us from being an actual couple but lets everyone think we are, I'm currently homeless after losing the home that I loved to a greedy landlord, I owe a bunch of people money after being unemployed all year, and I graduated college and don't know what to do with myself. Basically, my entire life has changed in the last 6 months. Oh, I forgot the ex that I should never have broken up with who I miss terribly and can't seem to stay in contact with and the cute girl who's seeing someone but likes to kiss me. Hey, things are so horrible and wonderful that I can't really keep up anymore. I'm calling

BROKEN



I drew her way before  
I read Fat! So?

The similarity  
is a  
coincidence.



A.  
mermaid  
from my  
sketchbook.

Interaction, but it was consensual and we both enjoyed it. However, as I wrote down the details of this woman's ordeal, I began to feel like a scumbag, a monster, a freak... a batterer. I checked in with my friend to make sure that I hadn't done anything he was uncomfortable with and to let him know what was going on in my head. So far, everything's fine in that arena. However, I'm a little afraid that the most excellent job I've ever had will ruin my sex life. I need to discuss this with other kinky people. Please help! Call me, write me, stop me on the street. We all need to be having the discussion of what's consensual and what isn't. I need to know I'm not the only one who wants to hurt the ones they love when those loved ones want to be hurt.





THIS IS FOR HUUZZAH!

love these luscious ladies.  
They came from the Fat! So? zine  
book thing. I think the idea  
for the zine was a great one,  
but I must say it was a little  
feel-goody for my tastes. It  
wasn't militant. There was a lot  
of "fat people can have fun, too!" pointing  
going on - lots of put downs related to  
body size (of all things!), intelligence, economic  
status, education level, appearance... it basically  
wasn't very radical. Some of the  
folks the author listed were  
Norman Schwarzkopf and Howard  
Taft. Yes, they were fat. No,  
they did nothing to make  
the world a better place.  
There was a lot of talk  
about how big bodies are  
better. There were some body  
positivity exercises that would



# Short Review of What I'm Currently Reading:

Fat! So? by Marilyn Wann

probably be pretty helpful to someone  
who is new to this whole fat-positive  
thing. Basically, it was fat liberation lol,  
which is all fine and good, but not  
what I really need right now. In fact,  
all the talk about how even fat ladies  
can look sexy and feminine made me feel  
kind of bad about myself. And now  
that I think of it, these drawings are  
pretty gender stereotyped. Sigh.

I don't know if I'll ever find anyone  
who thinks the way I do  
about this stuff.



3 1/2 of 5 hearts.

